From Blood to Wine and Back Again

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From Blood to Wine and Back Again

by ifonlyiwaswittier

Summary

In which Hannibal offers Will the final part of himself that, in truth, was the first part of him Will had laid claim to entirely: his blood, Will’s to spill and to shed.

Notes

sooo i was thinking about writing a fic where will and/or hannibal are starving to death and one of them drinks the other's blood (not in a vampire-y way but in a like "cannibalize me to stay alive" kind of way) but i googled it and apparently humans can't really drink straight up human blood bc our stomachs can't process it and then. this happened. so.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's body is expelling the blood before he's done drinking it. Hannibal, still panting and flushed, slides down the side of the bathtub to sit, legs splayed, next to him.

"Shh," Hannibal hushes gingerly. He reaches out a trembling hand and strokes up and down the knobs of Will's spine. "Shh, now, my love."

Will moans, shuddering as his stomach empties itself. He's hunched over the basin Hannibal had set out for this purpose, knowing his body's denial was a forgone conclusion. His head is bowed deep into the bowl, barely able to support himself as he shivers, and Hannibal thinks of saints brought low by ecstasy, hair limp with sweat haloed around his face.

"Hannibal," he pants, reaching out for him blindly, arm shaking.

Hannibal's arms are also shaking (albeit for a different reason) but he leverages the side of the bathtub to lean forward and drape himself over Will's back despite still feeling weak and feverish. His wounded arm— the one still bleeding sluggishly through the towel he'd hastily wrapped around the incision— he cranes awkwardly backward to elevate it on the side of the bathtub.

"I'm here."

Will nods and presses back into Hannibal reflexively then, after a brief pause, grinds back into Hannibal again, this time with more purpose, inquisitive. "Oh," he laughs breathlessly. "I'm glad you're enjoying this too."

"Nearly as much as you are, I suspect—" Hannibal begins, but then Will is gagging again. Hannibal wraps his uninjured arm around his spasming middle and feels Will's heaving ripple through both of their bodies. It's a sublime feeling, like the tremors of the earth before the coast finally detaches itself and slides into the ocean, the land finally succumbing to the millennia of thrusting against its shores.

They had chosen a spare bathroom for these proceedings, the one that's most robustly stocked with their emergency medical supplies. Earlier, no more than half an hour ago, Hannibal had quipped, "A bit of a lackluster setting, is it not?", as he settled himself on the thick rim of the bathtub. Will had only given him a sardonic look in response and tightened the thin leather strap around Hannibal's bicep until it cut off the blood flow. It wouldn't do to have him bleed out, after all, and ruin such a special occasion. That's the only reason why Hannibal didn't hand Will a knife right then and there when Will had first suggested the idea, as much as he'd been tempted to— there were preparations to be had if they were to mark this passage with the sanctity and gravidity it deserved. He was so eager to give Will this final part of himself because, in truth, it was the first part of him that Will had laid claim to entirely: his blood, Will's to spill and to shed. But he had been patient and allowed Will his own preparations so he could pull Hannibal's blood from his body and take it into his own, assured that Hannibal would only be as wounded as Will wanted him to be.

Now, Will moans again, but the pitch has changed to one of relief. Hannibal, his shakiness having eased in the minutes they'd sat on the floor clinging— Will to the basin, and Hannibal

to his shuddering body— relinquishes his hold on Will to grab the washcloth he'd set by the basin in preparation. He settles himself against the side of the bathtub again.

"Will," he says, tapping at his ankle. He pulls his head out of the basin and looks up at Hannibal as if he's been startled out of a trance. But then he gets the idea and sits back, slides himself across the small space between them, and nestles himself against Hannibal's chest. He looks up at Hannibal with a breathless, open-mouthed smile. There's still blood on his teeth and Hannibal finds himself desperate to lick it off so he does, craning his head to lavish Will with kisses that Will returns with equal enthusiasm. He tastes sour and coppery.

Here is what happened: Will had sat Hannibal on the side of the bathtub and tied a tourniquet around his bicep, then opened a vein in Hannibal's wrist and lifted his arm to his mouth. He drank the blood as it flowed from Hannibal's vein and directly into Will's mouth because Hannibal's heart beats for no other reason besides to nourish Will, because his skeletal muscles and his venous valves— every part of him— was crafted by God for the sole purpose of being taken inside of Will, Will's own body crafted to hold everything Hannibal could give of his. Before Will had made the incision, Hannibal had reassured Will that he could drink his fill; because the human body was not designed to ingest unprocessed human blood, Will's stomach would object before he could drink enough to do any permanent damage to Hannibal. But that had not been what Hannibal was thinking about when Will eventually pulled back and started retching into the basin. He had been thinking of Jesus's first miracle, turning water into wine. And as he wrapped his wrist in the thick gauze he'd set aside beforehand, he'd thought about wine that was blood, and then— while he'd wrapped a hand towel around the gauze and pulled the tourniquet tight to apply pressure— he'd thought about blood that was just as sweet as wine and even more intoxicating, about the privilege of Will taking it from him.

How sweetly his beloved rends him, how tenderly he ensures Hannibal's wound throbs as he suckles from it, lapping at the parted flesh until it sings electric, the sharp tang of stinging as thrilling as when he nips at Hannibal's lips, pulling back from the kiss just as Hannibal is sure he will suffocate. They breathe together for a moment before Hannibal brings the washcloth, since forgotten, to Will's face. There's a stray fleck of blood dotting his cheekbone and Hannibal rubs it away, then the saliva and the sick still on his chin, then the trail of blood that had dribbled down his neck to the line of his shirt.

"Thank you," Will says and Hannibal, for one of the few times he can recall (nearly all of which were also caused by Will) is unable to form a reply that captures the enormity of his emotions. Instead, he drops the washcloth and cups Will's sweaty face between his hands. His pupils are dilated; Hannibal is sure he must be as well.

"Let me see," Will breathes and Hannibal unties the tourniquet, then peels back the towel and the wet gauze beneath. Will had chosen right below the heel of Hannibal's hand for the incision site; Hannibal had caressed Will's cheek with his fingers the whole time he drank. There, right below the bend in his wrist, the neat, tiny little line bleeds lethargically, the wound deep enough for the torn flesh to stretch open in a v-shape, but not deep enough to do much more than nick a vein.

Will looks at it with awe. "I wish I could take it all."

“Drain me entirely.”

He nods. “And keep it all inside me.”

“The body rejects what the mind so keenly desires. A pleasure that exceeds capacity.”

For a moment, they hold each other’s gaze, but then Will finally looks away, down to Hannibal’s open wound. Hannibal wishes his body could sustain Will’s forever, that his blood could be all the nourishment Will needed, that Will could consume him again and again and again, that he could grow new parts of himself to cleave off and offer to Will as a sacrifice at his temple. But he cannot. So instead he cradles the back of Will’s head and brings it to his chest, holding him close.

“I need to stitch you up,” Will mumbles, tensing to rise.

“No.” He curls his fingers in Will’s hair. The idea of being separated from him right now—the thought of this dull ache and slow bleeding being taken from him so soon—. And then, softer, “Just a moment longer.”

“Okay,” Will acquiesces and curls himself against Hannibal’s chest again. “Okay.”

End Notes

thank you so much for reading! you can find also me on tumblr at babygirlgiles

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